The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

VOL. IX. NO. 7. SEPTEMBER, 1901. ONE PENNY.

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The Edelweiss.

Far up on sternest Alpine crests,
Where winds of tempest blow,
They say that, all unfearing, rests
A flower upon the snow,—
A tiny flower, pale and sweet,
That blooms o'er breath of ice;
And glad are they, on any day,
Who find the Edelweiss.

Ah! far on heights of sorrows cold,
Where tears are dropping slow,
Some hearts have found, and finding, told
How fair a flower may grow.
With petals pale, but perfume rare,
It garlands days of ice;
And blessed are they who, weeping, pray,
And find Faith's Edelweiss.

Small Things.

A grain of corn is very small,
'Tis scarcely anything at all;
But sow a handful of them wide,
And you will reap, at harvest-tide,
A plenteous heap of ripened gold,
More than your joyful arms can hold.

A trifling kindness here and there
Is but a simple, small affair;
Yet, if your life has sown them free,
Wide shall your happy harvest be,
Of friends, of love, of sweet good-will,
That still renews, and gladdens still.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

"My Sin is ever before me."

A SERMON

BY THE REV. AMBROSE BENNETT, M.A.

PSALM li. 3.—"My sin is ever before me."

These words are part of that fifty-first psalm which has been called "the noblest penitential hymn in the world." Some of its sentences are as familiar as anything in or out of the Scriptures. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." "Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." "O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall shew forth Thy praise." "The sacrifice of God is a troubled spirit, a broken and contrite heart, O God, shalt Thou not despise."

All these words are familiar enough. The Miserere as a precious portion of the penitential literature of the Church is well known to us. But what is it to ourselves? What kind of an appeal does it make to our hearts? How far can we appropriate its language? Is there anything we are feeling in our daily life that corresponds with what the Psalmist was feeling when the words first broke from his lips, with what thousands of those who have come after him were feeling when they made his language their own? Does it ever come as the spontaneous and natural deliverance of our spirits to declare, "I acknowledge my

transgressions, and my sin is ever before me," or is there something constrained and artificial about it? This expression of heart-felt penitence, how far do we feel at home with it? These are questions which are always in season.

I am sure that I shall not be making a mistake if I say that probably some of us do not feel thoroughly at home with the fifty-first psalm. I say this not forgetting that the same can in all likelihood be said of any assembly of worshippers, to whatever section of thought they may belong. But, of course, there may be different causes at work. Some may never really feel what the psalm expresses, but they will always be ready to repeat it freely enough Others, also unable to feel it, are loth to use its language, and avoid it, fearful of any touch of unreality. I can well suppose, for instance, that there are some who hesitate to make their own the words of the text, "My sin is ever before me." They may exclaim, "I cannot say that. It is not a fact. My sin is not ever before me. Moreover, I do not think it would be well if it were ever before me. It would not be a proper state of mind. It would be an unhealthy condition."

Thus they see in the psalm preoccupation with the thought of sin. They think such preoccupation must be morbid and sickly, and therefore anything but good. And it may be they have been influenced in coming to that thought by persons whom they have known whose religion took the form of an exaggerated introspectiveness, and made them morbidly anxious about their spiritual state.

Well, it is quite true that in one sense the Psalmist here is preoccupied with the thought of sin. He has before him the consciousness of his sinfulness. "My sin is ever before me." But there is more than one way of being preoccupied with one's sin. There is the sickly and morbid and unwholesome way. There is also the sane and manly and healthy way. A man may be preoccupied with his sin in the sense that as he looks into himself he refuses to see anything but sinfulness, because he is persuaded of the inherent depravity of his whole nature, because his sinful nature has become as much a matter of unwholesome interest to him as is his sickly constitution to the valetudinarian. But, on the other hand, a man may be preoccupied with his sin for a precisely opposite reason. It is not because he refuses to see anything else, but just because he does see something else that he knows his sin. He has an ideal before him, holiness of life is as a goal that beckons him on, and the good that is in his nature throbs and vibrates in response. "We needs must love the highest when we see it." He sees it and he loves it. But the very height of it brings him the consciousness of his sluggish will, his backwardness in effort to realise it. He aspires, but he carries with him also a heart that rebels, that is always wilful, that soon wearies. He wants to rise, he knows that he has wings, and it is the knowledge that he has them makes him aware of the weights which his sin hangs upon them. The drag upon his nature is the evidence that the destiny of his nature is to ascend and soar. And so, though his eye is steadily fixed on the goal towards which he labours, he can declare with whole-hearted confession, "My sin is ever before me."

That is the kind of preoccupation with sin that speaks in the psalm. Nothing can be further from unhealthy and morbid introspectiveness, and at once let it be said that none of us is in a healthy state of mind, none of us has real wholesomeness of spirit, unless we can say with perfect conviction of the reality of what we are saying, "I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me." None of us is keeping a properly balanced attitude in life, none of us has reached a sound and sober estimate of himself and his relation to God and the world, none of us is even worldly-wise in the best sense, who does not know what penitence is, whose whole religious life does not start from the confession, "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

This is why the fifty-first psalm has ever been counted so great a treasure by the noblest and best of Christendom. This is why so many of those who have loved it and been at home in it have been among the most active-minded, the most generous-hearted, the bravest, the wholesomest, the most useful to their fellows. The Middle Ages knew few richer spirits and more

active minds, few whose lives were more full of labour, and whose influence on their generation was more potent, than the great St. Bernard, and of him we are told that it was with this psalm, this outpouring of a repentant heart that he began his devotion to the unselfish life, and it was ever the psalm of psalms to him. It was with this psalm that Savonarola, a little before his death, while his hand was still quivering from the torture, chose to occupy himself and spent almost his last moments in writing out the thoughts it had stirred in him. While, to name only one of those who more near to our own time have found in it strength and light and peace, it is told of Dr. Arnold that, when he lay dying, he was asked what he would like to have read to him, and replied immediately, "Read me the fifty-first psalm."

The confession of sin, then, such as we have here, the acknowledgment that the thought of it is a constant thought, "ever before me," will always be found a natural expression of all true, healthy, vigorous and manly religious life.

Notice, moreover, that it is the confession of *personal* sin. "*My* sin is ever before me." It is the acknowledgment that the cause is in ourselves. All excuses, all complaints of the difficulty of circumstances, of the power of temptations, of the constraining force of other people's evil example or evil persuasion, are put aside. It is felt that when all has been said, when we have reckoned up how circumstances were against us, our surroundings full of temptation to do wrong, our companions influential and attractive on the side of wrong, when all this has been explained, all is not yet explained. The root of the matter is not in any one of them. It lies in our own will. We did it because we wished to do it. We did not overcome because we did not wish enough to overcome.

There is an important consideration connected with this confession of personal sin, and we may find great help in understanding it from what modern criticism has to tell us about the authorship of this psalm. It used to be thought that the psalm was composed by David and expresses his sorrow and repentance for a gross transgression of the seventh commandment. The new learning has made it almost certain that this was not the case. Not only is it exceedingly improbable that David wrote the psalm, but it is believed very widely by scholars that he who did write it was not thinking of himself alone, had not in mind some signal offence which he had personally committed, but rather that he is speaking in the name of Israel as a whole, so that when he says "I" and "me" and "my" he means "we" and "us" and "our," the whole community, the whole Jewish Church. Here are the words of the latest commentator, Dr. G. Adam Smith:—"It is not the acknowledgment by a single individual of an extraordinary and revolting crime against some fellow-creature, but the confession on behalf of the whole Church, of her inherent sinfulness before God, and of neglect of her mission to the world." *

The Psalmist confesses before God the sinfulness of his nation; he gives voice to repentant Israel. But, though that is the case, he is not confessing a sinfulness which he does not feel to be his own. On the contrary, there is no mistaking the intense personal note of the whole psalm, the intense individual need that is poured out in such petitions as "Create in me a clean heart," "Give me the comfort of Thy help again." How then can we reconcile the fact that it is the sinfulness of the whole Israelitish Church he is confessing with this intense consciousness of his own personal sinfulness? Because the Psalmist identifies himself so closely with his people, because he feels that in that sinfulness of the Church as a whole he has a share, he is responsible in the responsibility of all. Israel has been neglectful of the mission given to her by God. Her honour is tarnished. She has wrought evil and has been slack in following after the good. But the Psalmist does not feel as though he stood outside the sinfulness of his nation as a spectator of it. He is one with it and has part in its shame. He has himself contributed to Israel's sin, and his own sin helps him to realise better the sin of his people.

* *Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament.*

There is here a much-needed lesson for ourselves. There are confessions of sin sometimes made that are not personal confessions. There are people who, when in public worship expression is given to the consciousness of sin, do not associate themselves with that expression. They are not thinking how much they themselves have come short. They are thinking of the sin of the world, the sin of a nation, the sin of a class, the sin of a religious body, but they think of themselves as being outside it, guiltless of any share in it, any responsibility for it, having their own conscience void of offence. They bring together as it were into one great mass the sins of the big world outside themselves, all the wrong and the strife and the crime that they read of in the newspapers, and that is what they mean by Sin. Something public, something outside, something they look at as spectators—not what it really is, an atmosphere which they breathe, and in the making of which their own breath bears a part.

There is an exaggerated way of looking at the wrong that is in the world. We see the mischiefs that are at work in society, we see selfishness and greed and lust and intemperance bringing forth woe and wretchedness, we see good causes moving slowly, we bemoan the obstacles that are continually rising in their path. We shake our heads over the deplorable aspect of things. Now it will not seldom be found that where people are so terribly convinced of the tremendousness of public sins, and talk in an exasperated and bitter way concerning them, there is at the same time in themselves an imperfect sense of their own private sinfulness. There is a want of humility, the sacrifices of a broken and contrite heart they know not how to offer.

Let us remind ourselves that any study of public events which is not accompanied by some real private self-examination is a one-sided study, is arrogant and presumptuous study, and the fruits of it are likely to be anything but wisdom. A consciousness of national sin which is not in the spirit of the fifty-first psalm, where the private Israelite in confessing his nation's shortcomings confesses his own share in them with lowly repentance, can do none of us any good. We do not live isolated lives, we are not separate atoms, we do not spend our days apart in water-tight compartments, we are many members but one body. We act upon one another, and the influence of each of us extends in all directions. Who of us knows how many there are who might not have been better if we had been better? Do you think that that careless cynical opinion about the hopelessness of all effort for good which you tossed into the air the other day stayed there? How do you know that it did not strike a mortal chill into the ardour of some younger spirit that heard you, or that it was not welcomed by some indolent heart to justify and confirm him in his indolence? None of us knows where our influence ends, where the influence of what we say and do, and neglect to say and do, ceases to act. There is national sin among us, always among us, and so closely are our lives interwoven, so involved are the strands that make up our common existence, that at no time has anyone of us the right to excuse himself for making his own the petition that goes up unceasingly from the holy Church throughout all the world, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

The world is a sinful world, it is true, and needs saving. But it will not be saved by condemnation, by scorn, by the spirit of exasperation. It cannot be saved without pity. The sovereign balm of pity is one of its chief needs. Pity for its sin, I mean: there is plenty of pity for physical suffering, but a terrible want of true pity for sinfulness. And it is the consciousness of our personal sin that will best help us to have pity for the great public sins of the world. For we know in our own lives how hard is the battle. We know the effort it costs us to maintain anything like the true standard of Christian living. We know how often we fail, how frequent are our falls. And the more we become sensible of these failures in our personal history, the less ready we become to hector and to browbeat humanity with our condemnations and philippics because it moves so slowly, because it is so wilful and so headstrong. As we grow sensible of our own

need of mercy we become more merciful in our judgments of mankind.

Christ came, says St. John, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. No man who looks at Christ and then looks at himself can remain proud of himself in anything. No man can give himself superior airs in the presence of the Light of the World. He feels himself humbled and abashed instead. And he feels his own need of the Divine Compassion, and through his own need passes on to discover the deepest need of his brethren. And then he becomes no longer the spectator of their sins, no longer their critic and judge, but their fellow labourer, and side by side and heart to heart with them works out their common deliverance and their united salvation.

Vivisection.

AN ADDRESS,

Given at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, London by the

REV. PHILIP H. WICKSTEED, M.A.

The movement against Vivisection aims at three things—to affect the general tone of men's thoughts and feelings; to modify their conduct in certain relations of life, so far as that conduct is subject to their free choice; and, lastly, by means of legislation, to control and limit that free choice itself. The second and third of these purposes will be easily accomplished if we succeed in the first, and it is to this exclusively that I shall direct my remarks, leaving the practical application of our principles to be dealt with by others.

In the first place let us remember that all whose feelings are in any degree interested in our cause can help in the formation of public opinion. Here there is room for all: even those who do not see their way to devoting either time or money to the cause may, nevertheless, help. To do so nothing more is necessary than to make it a point of conscience to challenge the common assumption, wherever it is made, that the anti-vivisectionists are a mere set of cranks or sentimentalists, deserving of the contempt and condemnation of right-minded persons. A quiet challenge of such a statement, though it consist of nothing more than the declaration that the speaker himself, being one of them, naturally cannot acquiese in such a view of the antivivisectors, will act as a powerful check. Possibly it may startle the speaker into a reconsideration of his own position, and, at any rate, it will arrest that blustering assertion which gathers strength by being unopposed, and, by its assumption of undisputed authority, frightens timid souls out of their own better feelings and makes them ashamed of their own instincts. Let no one, therefore, cheat himself by saying that, while sympathising with us, he is able to do nothing; for if he has sympathy and courage he can do much without devoting either time or money to the cause.

But if we have room for such as these, we have need of supporters of a very different type: supporters who are prepared to give both time and money, and to make the cause of anti-vivisection one of the main objects of their life's devotion. Nothing great can be done without such preponderant, perhaps almost exclusive devotion on the part at any rate of some few; and all such must expect to be charged with a disproportionate interest in the welfare of animals amounting to callousness as to the sufferings of human beings. Let no one be alarmed or disturbed by such a charge; in the sense in which it is true it is no reproach; in the sense in which it would be a reproach it is entirely untrue. The man who should evenly distribute his efforts and sympathies amongst all laudable purposes in exact proportion to their intrinsic importance, would fritter away his whole life in infinitesimal doses. In moral, as in material "production," the principle of the division of labour must hold. The cause of morality is one; and he who is helping *any* moral cause, is thereby helping *all* moral causes. To be effective we must concentrate; and he who is making himself felt anywhere along the line of battle is doing more, not only at the point where he strikes, but all along the line, than he would be doing if, in order to strengthen what he takes to be the most important point, he left a postern unguarded for the invasion

of the enemy. And indeed, if I am not gravely mistaken, we shall not find that it is those who are engaged in active warfare in the cause of humanity who complain that we are withdrawing support from them. In the first place they distinctly feel the solidarity of their work and ours; and in the next place I should be surprised indeed to hear that they found our hands more slack to help than those of our opponents. Our supposed disproportionate interest in the welfare of animals will at most be found to resolve itself into a greater care for animals, not a lesser care for humanity than is supposed to be normal; and accordingly it is not those who object to humanity being neglected, but those who object to animals being considered that bring this charge against us. Are we not all of us only too familiar with the plea urged as an excuse for doing nothing, or the device adopted for getting nothing done, that if we do anything it ought to be—something else! There is no reason then why we should be dismayed when we are taxed with taking a disproportionate interest in the welfare of animals; but I go much further than this, and declare with deepest conviction that the true philosophy and the true scientific strength of our movement lies precisely in our demand that due proportion shall be observed in the survey of the field of human activity and sympathy. It is not we, but our opponents that have formed a limited and one-sided conception of the problem before us; and if there were any pleasure or profit in bandying about such epithets, it is they, not we, that would be open to the charge of narrow-minded fanaticism and blind concentration upon a single aspect of a problem which can only be properly dealt with as a whole.

As soon as scientific men take a wide view of their function our cause will be won, for in truth it is *not* for animals only that we are pleading, but for humanity also; and when science has taken a point of view at once more lofty and practical, when a more generous culture has robbed specialising of its moral and intellectual dangers, but left it its efficiency as an instrument of research, then the evil and the folly of the practices which we denounce and oppose will be seen in all their nakedness. For the ultimate object of all who have influence in the direction of human life, under its practical, intellectual or emotional aspects, must be to establish the fullest possible harmony between humanity and the permanent and essential conditions that surround and control it. And this harmony must not be regarded as resting on a merely physical relation, but as being moral, spiritual and emotional also. Who is there that does not acknowledge that his own well-being consists not exclusively in the absence of physical pain and the presence of the sources and conditions of physical pleasure, but also in the moral, spiritual and emotional relations in which he finds himself with human beings, the animate and inanimate nature around him, and the all embracing and all pervading Spirit in whom we live and have our being? The man who is advocating any line of supposed progress finds himself attempting to benefit humanity by securing some degree of physical comfort at the expense of establishing a spiritual discord between man and his surroundings, should surely ask himself whether he is not misconceiving the essential conditions and objects of human action. I say attempting for I am convinced that success is impossible. The physical and spiritual natures of man are mutually interdependent, and the attempt to secure real and permanent advance in material well-being without reference to the spiritual nature is as vain and futile as the attempt to build up the spiritual and intellectual life of man in ignorance and defiance of the laws of his physical being.

Shall we say then that the natural and laudable desire of man to improve his physical position and to reduce or eradicate disease and pain is only to be gratified by entering, consciously and permanently, into relations with the lower animals that involve systematic and continual torture of them? It is the very apocalypse of despair? It is to declare the impossibility of any real and permanent advance along the whole line. It is the formal assertion that every victory where the battle is most urgent (not leads to, but) *is* a defeat where it is most important.

A similar line of argument holds good, if we turn from the plea for the relief of human suffering, and take the ground of general advancement of human knowledge; for here again I say that all wisdom consists in the

judicious selection amongst alternatives. Probably there is no course of action good, bad, or indifferent, which does not bring a man some experience, some knowledge, some insight, which in itself considered is advantageous or desirable; but the price paid may be the foregoing of other opportunities, or an accompanying moral deterioration, which makes such a course of action in the last degree deplorable. Men often boast of what they call a knowledge of the world which they could never have gained if they had kept their lives clean. Let us admit that they have gained something. But what have they lost? They have lost not only their own innocence, but priceless powers and opportunities of knowledge and observation with it. In like manner, I doubt not—it seems to me unreasonable to doubt,—that a persistent course of vivisection must lead to some kind of knowledge which would not be otherwise gained. But the question is whether the direction of the intellect along these lines is *relatively* fruitful, whether it does not divert the attention of scientific men from more or less intellectually fruitful plots of research, while at the same time materialising and morally degrading not only the operators themselves, but the whole society to which they belong, and which supports them. Now I cannot think that one needs to be a specialist in order not only to feel but intellectually to perceive that there is more light to be thrown upon human life and its relations, and a larger synthesis of human knowledge to be reached, by an affectionate study of animals in the field and the fold than can ever be revealed by the vivisector's dissecting knife.

There is one other point on which I must touch. We are often told that the whole agitation is uncalled for as far as England is concerned, because as a matter of fact English scientific men are fully alive to the claims of humanity, and may be trusted. So far as this plea is sincere, it appears to me to rest upon a very grave and fundamental misapprehension. No specialists are to be trusted as to the ethical issues involved in their several pursuits, unless controlled and supported by the free play of a wholesome public opinion. Statesmen and financiers—we must unfortunately couple them together, even though we continue to distinguish between them—cannot be trusted in the ethical questions involved in diplomacy and international policy. The police and magistrates cannot be trusted in the ethical questions that arise in connection with the administration of crime. I for one should be sorry to trust either clergymen or lawyers with respect to the casuistry of their several professions, were all their proceedings conducted with closed doors. I should be sorry, in all my own doings, to be relieved from the pressure of public opinion, and the stimulating influence of publicity. Specialists are witnesses with whom we cannot dispense, but they are the worst of judges and of juries in their own case. If I can help it then I will no more trust either medical men or men of science in moral questions which involve the whole of society, than I would trust the Executive Government without the publication of documents, and the answering of questions in Parliament. Suppose it true—and in distinction from some of my fellow workers in this cause, I am inclined to believe it true—that English investigators are more humane than their continental confrères, in that case they ought to welcome the relative vigilance of public opinion in England as a sign that their countrymen, in general, share their feelings, as an invaluable protection against unworthy members of their own fraternity, and most of all as a protection to themselves against the deadening influence of habit and association. Those who say that the hands of Englishmen are clean in this respect, and who wish to keep them clean, ought to be amongst the first to rejoice in our movement, and to wish it more strength and vitality. But alas! it admits of no doubt that the position of English physiologists is at best only relatively defensible, which is as much as to say that it is absolutely indefensible, and has, from its own point of view, far more to hope from concealment than from publicity.

As for the plea that in any case the sufferings inflicted upon the animals by vivisectors constitute a negligible proportion of the whole sum of the world's anguish, it rests on a misconception of the whole principle of human conduct. The proportion in which man can aggravate or alleviate the woes of the world is not the question we are discussing. The crucial point is whether within the sphere of his influence, be it wide or narrow, man is to seek harmony wirh

the universe by laying a healing hand on all he touches, or to seek his peace by subjecting sentient nature, ruthlessly and tyrannically, to his own physical well-being.

"Inter Amicos."*

"Although the book is published chiefly," so Professor Knight states in his introduction to this slender volume, "as the mirror of a brief and most friendly discussion in former days, it may perhaps be of some slight use in the midst of our later controversies." To say it at once, the publication of this correspondence is of singular opportuneness; not only because it deals with questions which have of late aroused not a little interest in our own immediate circle, but also incidentally because these letters furnish a perfect and not wholly superfluous example of the tone and temper in which alone spiritual things may be profitably debated Both correspondents—the one in early manhood, the other already "a veteran in years, knowledge and wisdom"—are intent only upon truth; they are concerned with things, not words; the difference of their points of view, and the frankness with which these differences are stated, never interfere with their mutual respect; and the result is wholly delightful.

Within the limits of a review such as this, we can only very briefly indicate the main lines of a discussion which has for its object no less momentous a topic than the Incarnation. Professor Knight writes to Martineau in the first place as a Trinitarian, or rather as one hovering on the margin between Unitarianism and Trinitarianism —still better, to give his own words, as one who feels that "Theism requires some aid from Christianity." Approaching the Gospels without any theory of their infallibility, but simply as fragments of ancient history, he finds himself in studying them brought into contact with a Personality immeasurably vaster than any other recorded in human history; so powerfully does that Personality impress him that he "does not see how such a life could be the outgrowth of the soil of Palestine"—and the explanation which suggests itself to him is that we have here something more than human, viz, the descent of a Divine Life into humanity. For the possibility and even for the likelihood of such a momentous event he sees *a priori* grounds in what he conceives to be the fundamental characteristics of the Divine Nature. If God is Love, he argues, He must have had from everlasting, *i.e.*, antecedently to the creation of the world, an object upon which to lavish that love—an object which must be *within* Himself, yet somehow differentiated *from* Him. Upon this postulate of the everlasting reality of the Divine Love he bases a theory of an *eternal Duality within the Divine Nature itself*, a "twofoldness" which yet does not contradict God's unity; and one of these two centres of personality, which he is speculatively constrained to recognise as existing within the Divine unity, he conceives to have been manifested in time, under finite conditions on earth, in that Life which he had previously felt to be inexplicable as the product of known human forces—the life of him who said, "I and my Father are one." So far, it will be seen, Professor Knight, when speaking of the Incarnation, means nothing less than an event unique in *kind*, viz., the manifestation of the Second *Persona* in the Divine Nature under finite conditions; Christ, in this letter, is to him none other than the Eternal God Himself, under the temporary guise of Jesus of Nazareth.

Martineau's counter-argument in which he points out that such utterances as "I and my Father are one," "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father," &c., are unhistorical, and that a claim not made by Jesus for himself is *ipso facto* invalid, will be received to-day only with important qualifications. We should probably say with Harnack that absolute estimates can never be arrived at by the methods of purely historical criticism, and that the greater a personality, the less is its totality to be comprehended merely as the sum of his own deeds and utterances. The sayings above-mentioned may be totally devoid of historical authenticity, and yet furnish the most penetrating and truthful *interpretation* of Christ's nature and function.

Of greater importance is Martineau's reply to the violent inference made by Professor Knight from the moral and spiritual exaltation of Christ's character—the inference that such a character could not be accounted for on merely natural

* Inter Amicos: Letters between James Martineau and William Knight, 1869-72. Murray, 5s.

grounds, and that therefore we must see in him the Deity. "The causes of special character and genius on the ordinary level of history," Martineau rejoins, "escape us almost entirely; and to make our measure of them, when it fails, a reason for resorting to a solution by either 'possession' or 'incarnation,' seems to me to turn a simple ignorance into a serious danger." Neither will he admit a personal duality within the Divine Nature; he allows that God can never have been without objects of His eternal love, but that those objects should be *equals* and *co-eternals* with Himself he rightly characterises as quite an arbitrary assumption. It was on moral grounds, to provide room for the eternal exercise of the eternal love, that Professor Knight had posited his Second Centre within the Divine Personality, standing to the First in the relation of object to subject, or of Son to Father; and he had pleaded that the twofoldness in question was "not arithmetical, but moral." Martineau's retort is both trenchant and final: "I should feel constrained to say that, *in order to be moral, it must be arithmetical*; all moral relations implying a plurality of persons. Indeed, of number that is not numerical I can form no idea."

But it is urged that men could not attain to Divine sonship without an eternal and incarnate Son. Such a proposition Martineau declares to be wholly unintelligible to him. "Since men 'in the image of God' would in any case really be *His sons*, why it should be out of the question for them to recognise this relation, and be brought to dispositions according with it, I cannot see." This observation calls perhaps for a word of comment. If Christ is absolutely different *in kind* from other men; if God is incarnate or present in him in a sense in which He is absent from the human race; then indeed we fail to see how his appearance on earth can furnish either a moral example, or awaken the sense of spiritual sonship. If, however, he is the supreme instance of a universal incarnation, which in various lower degrees takes place in all men, then his perfect consciousness of his own sonship to God might stimulate in other, dimmer souls, a clearer consciousness of theirs. It was by his own calm and absolute conviction of God's Fatherhood that he "showed men the Father," and rendered them *aware* of a relationship which indeed had previously subsisted, but consciousness of which had in a large measure lain dormant. St. Paul expressed this truth with wonderful insight and no less wonderful felicity, when he wrote, "Because ye *are* sons, God sent forth the spirit of His son into our hearts, crying, 'Abba, father.'"

The theory, then, which would identify Jesus with God, Martineau rejects, and practically concludes: "The more I reflect upon these things, the more profoundly convinced I am that the idea of an historical Incarnation affords no permanent standing-ground for a Religious Philosophy, and I look upon it as the transitory means of saving the supreme truth—which Theism would else have lost—of the life of God in the soul of man."

Upon this passage the following comment has recently appeared in the columns of a weekly journal: "At a moment when a vigorous effort has been made to enlist the high authority of Dr. Martineau in support of a doctrine of Incarnation as the central thought of the Christian religion, it is a happy coincidence that brings to our eyes this careful and earnest letter." So far as these words form part of a vigorous attempt that is being made to minimise the effect of certain recent quotations from Martineau's writings, proving conclusively that he held a very definite "doctrine of Incarnation,"—viz., the personal presence of God in Jesus—they signally miss their mark; for it is obvious that what Martineau here and throughout denies is *the orthodox doctrine* of the Incarnation propounded by Professor Knight, involving as this does the Deity of Jesus. That on the other hand Martineau "has not left it at all doubtful that he clearly recognised the truth and far-reaching influence of this conception," viz., of "the widely spreading views concerning God's incarnation in all souls, and *par excellence* in Jesus," has been emphatically asserted by one speaking with the unrivalled knowledge and authority of Professor Upton.

It is pleasant to record that in a later letter Professor Knight, no doubt as the result of further reflection, is seen to modify his earlier views, and arrives at a doctrine of the Incarnation closely resembling that expressed in the above words. He will not, indeed, entirely surrender the theory of the super-humanity of Jesus, on the ground that "the phenomena to be explained are altogether unique"; yet he admits

that he does not "think the term *super*-humanity very accurate, because it seems to remove its subject out of the category of mankind; while his superiority to all others consisted in *the perfection of his humanity.** To show to what diminutive proportions the theological difference between himself and his great correspondent had shrunk, we cannot perhaps do better than quote a number of passages from this same letter: "The Incarnation could only be a *moral* and *spiritual* manifestation. Attributes of omniscience, omnipotence, and so forth, could not be revealed within a human life, from the *a priori* necessities of the case." "The union of the two natures being the result of a process of moral identification, is thus an organic growth. The Incarnation being progressive, not complete at the birth of Jesus, but only at the close of his life, the divine element developed itself within his human consciousness according as he was able to receive it, gradually leavening it till it became absorbed by the Divine." "I do not see any warrant for our attributing a subtile hypostasis to Christ distinct from his human personality. But in that personality I find the meeting place of the Divine and the human, because I find the ideal made real. "*I see no difference in kind, but only in degree, between that union* [viz., of the Divine and human] *in him and in others.*"* "It is the uniqueness of his humanity that is the evidence of *its* divinity"—viz., the divinity of his life. "As a perfect mirror of humanity, he was divine; and his supreme humanity is at once the index, and the measure, of his Divinity."

It cannot be sufficiently deplored that Martineau's reply to this important letter has been lost; for our own part we cannot doubt that he found himself in warmest sympathy with these pronouncements which, as has been amply shown on previous occasions, can be matched without effort from his own published writings. We know that Martineau went so far even as to regard the victory of the Athanasian over the Arian party as providential, just because the Athanasian dogma asserted the essential immanence and personal self-revelation of God in Jesus, and thus constantly kept before the Church the conception of God in man,—a conception which was sure to be extended in the fulness of time from the alleged exceptional instance of Jesus to all God's rational offspring. "The time has now come," says Professor Upton, "when this basal truth of man's essential divinity is bursting through and dissolving the ancient dogma" which limited the Incarnation to Christ; and, continuing, he speaks appreciatively of "its recent re-assertion in its original purity and fulness by many of the deepest and most religious thinkers of the present day."

To Professor Knight every reader interested in these *ultimata* of religion owes a debt of gratitude for rendering possible this deeply interesting exchange of views between two equally devout and candid thinkers; we rise from the perusal of the volume, speaking as it does from a distance of thirty years ago, with a deepened conviction that the religious reconstruction which is to be the task of the twentieth century, will have for its basis the recognition of the essential spiritual truth of the doctrine of the Incarnation—the doctrine of the unity of God and man typified in Jesus Christ—while Deists of every shade, viz., those who will not recognise the validity of that conception, will be left, in Martineau's pungent phrase, "passionately chasing the attenuated shadows of a retiring God."

J. WARSCHAUER.

* Italics ours.

God's Character, and His Way with Men.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON,

BY THE REV. DAVID MACRAE.

That God, which ever lives and loves:
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.
—TENNYSON.

1. *What is God?* God is love. 1 John iv. 8.

2. *Is God the Father of all?* Yes; he is the One God and Father of all, who is above all and through all, and in you all. Eph. iv. 6.

3. *Does God love some and hate others?* No; the Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works. Psa. cxlv. 9.

4. *Does God love us even when we are his enemies?* God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Rom. v. 8.

5. *Do we become liker God when we also learn to love our enemies and seek to do them good? What says Jesus?*—Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do

good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your father which is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Matt. v. 44, 45.

6. *Is God just?* Just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints. Rev. xv. 3.

7. *What does Isaiah call him?* A just God and a Saviour. Isa. xlv. 21.

8. *Does God, who loves both good and bad, love the way of the wicked?* No; the way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord. Pro. xv. 9.

9. *Will God bring everything to judgment, even what is hid from other eyes?* God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing. Eccl. xii. 14.

10. *Can Man deceive God, and reap what he has not sown?* Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Gal. vi. 7.

11. *Does God deal to every man according to his ways?* I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings. Jer. xvii. 10

12. *If a good man sins, does he suffer for it?* When a righteous man turneth away from his righteousness, and committeth iniquity and dieth in them; for his iniquity that he hath done shall he die. Ezek. xviii. 26.

13. *If a bad man turns from his wickedness, shall he live?* When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive. Ezek. xviii. 27.

14. *Is it God's good pleasure that any sinner should perish?* As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live. Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

15. *Are there different degrees of punishment?* Yes.

16. *What does Jesus say about the wicked servant and the few stripes?* That servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes. But he that knew not, and did commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. Luke xii. 47, 48.

17. *Why is this?* For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required. Luke xii. 48.

18. *Are God's punishments inflicted in hatred or in love?* Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. Heb. xii. 6.

19. *What does he punish us for?* For our profit, that we might become partakers of his holiness. Heb. xii. 10.

20. *Are God's punishments, though hard to bear, always* [illegible] Yes; for though no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby. Heb. xii. 11.

21. *What does the Psalmist say about the use of affliction to him?* It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn thy statutes. Before I was afflicted I went astray; but now have I kept thy word. Psa. cxix. 71 and 67.

22. *What then is God's call to the sinner?* Turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die. Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

Babu-English.

Those who have had occasion or opportunity to visit India, and especially those whose lot it has been to spend several years there, know from experience what Babu-English is, and how, in its manipulation, the simplest rudiments of English composition are most innocently ignored. In spite of the numerous Educational Institutions scattered over the land, Babu-English still flourishes in the country; and the specimens which one meets with occasionally are very amusing. A few here, most of which have come under the knowledge of the writer, may not be without interest, and will no doubt cause much amusement to our readers.

The following notes written by a medical officer (!)—a native Hospital Assistant—to his superior, clearly shows that, however clever the man may have been in the manipulation of drugs, his concoction of an English sentence, though liberally supplied with words, was far from successful:—

"Sir,—I beg leave most respectfully to inform your honor that a body is fallen the shore of the river and sinking is died yesterday at the evening time.—Yours obediently, Shaik Hossein Khan."

"Sir—I beg leave to inform your honor that here is came a body at the night for the examination, and now she is murdered present in my hospital that if your please you came for her examination and or not I send this body for your seeing.—Yours, &c., Shaik Hossein Khan."

After the Public Works', the Postal Department is perhaps the best abused in India; though, when the class of material the heads of this department have to work with is taken into consideration, the results are rather satisfactory than otherwise. What amount of intelligent work could, for instance, be extracted from a Deputy Postmaster who was guilty of issuing such a notice as this?

"To be raffled to the highest rattler. A Bay Waler Cape horse, hight was never known a bit, but of age a little as being outside of two years and inside of three years. He has been ridden as a charger in many cases. The rider departs with him as he is appointed Postmaster and is of no use to him—there is no work—to be thrown for by the rattling of three dices and the

highest rattler to carry away the charger. Re. 1 per chance, the horse is a somewhat spirited animal."

Natives sometimes rush into print, and endeavour to call attention to, and remedy, supposed abuses. The following appalling narrative, with the regulation moral attached, appeared in a daily paper:—

"Will you please allow me to bring out a shuddering occurrence to light as a warning to the public through the medium of your valuable journal. When Smith my friend, a B. N. Doctor, took a walk yesterday at sunfall through a smiling plain, oh! both of us were shocked a good deal by a horrible spectacle of a big buffalo's dragging with a great speed, a girl of ten years old having a spaddle in her hand, with its right horn penetrated through her tightly knotted lock of hairs, pursued by a shouting crowd of people. The two of us and one Shaik, a head constable, who went with us, tried our best to give her our possible aid, but did not succeed. When the pitiless animal gored her through the tress, it seems she was as country girls usually do, weeding grass with the instrument. My heart has stopped its beating, when I unexpectedly saw her out of its horn, without the intermediation of any human being and at her narrow escape from a gloomy death. The group of men and women found to their great astonishment neither wounds nor injuries on her both extremities. The benefit that I could mention out of the above terrible scene is a warning to the poorer community, especially to the countrymen who generally permit their sons and danghters to go out on such a doing, not to allow longer hairs to grow on their heads."

It is rarely indeed that a Director of a Museum receives such assistance as is proposed in the following letter. It need hardly be added that the 'stones precious' turned out to be specimens of the commonest rocks:—

"Sir,—I shall be obliged if you kindly let me know if the Committee of the Museum gives anything in the shape of prize or Bonus if I give them some stones precious which I have prepared for my Lord Jesus Christ's work they are picked from Bengal Division and from up country. My object in preparing them is to give the nett proceeds entirely for the food of blind incapables."

Applications for appointments are always more or less amusing; but owing to the absurd combination of words used, they often defeat the end the writer has in view. Such a description as, "I am a young man rarely past twenty-five, educated narrowly—such as you will easily ascertain from the very composition which is of my own make, and this is my own handwriting," would necessarily compel one to pass over the candidate as ineligible. But for originality of idea and expression, the following certainly carries off the palm:—

"Most Honored Sir,—The supreme end which I desire in life is to see you happy, blessed and prosperous; the supremest end, that this may be attained through my instrumentality. It was said by one who never said a lie, that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' Hence if you, transient sir, give me an appointment on the Orissa Canal work, you will be more blessed than I who receive it, and then my utter desire in this world will be accomplished. I do not wish to sing my own praises, but I vouchsafe to aver that I am quite competent for any position which you may in your condescension see fit to bestow. Let me, framptuous sir, conclude by reiterating my assertion that it is for your sake only I make this application. I am a blessed framp."

Now that Lewis Carroll is no more, who can tell us what a "framp" is?

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All business communications to be addressed to—

MR. ARNOLD WOOD,

Whitehall Chambers, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

Letters for the Editor to be sent to 120, Gough Road, Birmingham.

The Passing of Grey Rabbit.

A SUMMER TRAGEDY.

Grey Rabbit was the oldest rabbit in the warren, and he had just waked up in the long cool grass of the meadow, where he had been lying with his ears shut up and laid along his back, and his nose between his fore-paws. It was too hot to go regularly to bed, one of those days, as he said, "when the bedclothes look as if they had been kicking about all night, and the pillow hasn't had a wink of sleep." So he was going to "lie out" where he was in the meadow. He had already scratched his head on both sides very carefully and sleepily, and had stretched himself out so long to yawn that he looked like a rabbit-skin, and he was just wondering whether he should go and have a light breakfast of carrot-tops in the garden close by, or stay and pick out the young clover growing amongst the hay, when a strange thing happened. Grey Rabbit heard a whirring noise at the bottom of the paddock. And it did not stop, but went on, whirr-rr-rr-rr. Dragon-flies overhead? Oh, no, for there were men's voices talking to horses. And the noise grew fainter and fainter, and, just as Grey Rabbit felt sure it was gone altogether, it grew louder and louder and louder, and came closer and closer and closer. And he squatted down as flat as he could, and kept his ears quiet, and the Thing that whirred came past him.

He heard a man talking to horses quite plainly, but he saw nothing. Then the noise died away in the distance again, and Grey Rabbit scratched his head thoughtfully, wondered over the thing that had happened, and was just going to nibble off a tuft of young clover when—whirr-rr-rr—he heard the Thing coming again. And again the sound grew fainter, and again it grew louder, and came closer and closer and passed. And Grey Rabbit saw the top of a man go by: he was high up in the air and moved slowly past, whirring all the time. This was even more wonderful. Grey Rabbit had never, all the number of times that he had peeped out from among tall grass at men passing by, on foot, on horses and in carts, seen anything like this man who sat in the air and whirred as he went along. Never.

Just then Madam Pheasant came by with her head bent low. "Chuck! chuck!" she said nervously, and gawky young pheasants, with all their heads down, followed at her tail.

"Whither away so fast?" said Grey Rabbit jauntily, as a man of the world who had seen things in his time, "is the sky falling?"

"Chuck! chuck!" said the pheasant in an agitated, hurried way, and the last of the ten gawky youngsters disappeared from his view.

"Always *was* a silly old mollycoddle," said Grey Rabbit, taking a mouthful of grass just to assure himself that he was not getting nervous. "I wonder what she's in such a fright about?"

But he sat where he was. Experience had taught him in all previous dangers that sitting still until compelled to run was always the safest thing to do. And he heard the noise rising and falling far away, and then it came closer and grew louder, and the man in the air went by again. And this time Grey Rabbit thought he saw the top of a horse in front of the man.

But the Thing went away again just as before, and his spirits as before began to revive, and the larks came running through the grass past him.

"Whither away?" said he quite bravely, "is the sky falling?"

But the larks said nothing: they ran a little further, chirping, so it seemed, very sadly, and then flew up into the sky, and Grey Rabbit saw them flying round and round, but neither of them was singing.

"That's odd," thought he, "for the larks have a nest full of young ones near the edge of the meadow."

And whirr-rr-rr came the Thing again, and a young rabbit, nearly out of its wits with fright, came creeping along. And Grey Rabbit felt quite glad of the company even of so small a bunny. So he said, "Stop, stop, where are you going? What are you frightened at?" And the little one, who had great respect for the oldest inhabitant, stopped.

"Listen," it whispered. Whirr-rr-rr came the Thing.

"Oh!" said the old one, "that's nothing. I've heard it ever so often this morning, and though it comes it always goes away again. There's a man"—and he suddenly stopped. For this time he could see quite plainly there was a man sitting on something and driving two horses, who nodded their heads at every step. And Grey Rabbit could see that their manes and tails were long and looked as if they had been bleached by sun and rain. He saw, too, that as the man passed, the hay between himself and the man grew much thinner: indeed, he could see now right across the meadow to the hedge. He heard, too, another sound that he had not heard before, a whispering, lisping sound in the grass that went by with the man.

"There," said he to the small bunny, "I told you it would go away. All you have to do is to lie quite quiet and do nothing, and things will go away—most of them."

And the small bunny thanked him gratefully, and seeing Grey Rabbit scratch his ear with a hind foot—just to show that he did not allow miraculous occurrences to make any difference in his ordinary conduct—took heart of grace and scratched its ear too.

So there they sate, the little rabbit in the shadow of its reverend relative, just behind the big one, and listened to the rising and falling of the sound in the ups and downs of the sloping meadow. And listening, they became aware that it was again coming up to them, and the whirr-rr grew louder and louder and louder. The small rabbit could not, for the life of it, help sitting up just a little and looking at the Thing as it came along.

How slowly it moved! and the horses bobbed their heads at every step, and whisked their tails, and, strange to say, the hay, as the horses passed, bowed down and lay flat. The bunny could see that the meadow was all empty in front of it, and still the Thing came on, never changing the tone of its voice, and the horses bobbed at every step. It was very solemn, the little rabbit thought, and very exciting.

And Grey Rabbit saw everything, too, but besides the man and the horses he heard, coming along through the grass, the same hissing noise he had heard the last time.

He could not understand it, but it was a very suspicious sound, and perplexed him. So he laid his ears flat along either side of his head and got his feet well up under him, so as to be ready to make his famous jump at the first sign of danger. And the hissing noise came nearer and nearer and nearer. How thin the grass was getting! how——— Something touched his fur! And the little bunny saw its great grandsire make a motion as of jumping when ——*blip!*

Grey Rabbit's head went off all by itself! And the hay bowed down and lay flat, covering up its body.

And a great fear, out of all proportion to the size of its little person, seized upon the bunny and it fled. What had happened to Grey Rabbit it never knew, for before next hay-time it died from a sudden attack of Bang-Bang, and so it never had another chance of seeing a hay-making machine.

PHIL ROBINSON.

Song.

Within these eyes, a brighter hue
Is beaming than from skies of blue:
Within these cheeks, soft beauty glows
More radiant than the summer rose.
Thy voice with sweeter music's hung,
Than trills upon the skylark's tongue:
And odours kiss that rosy mouth,
More fragrant than the sunny South.

But Lady fair, these eyes of blue
Old Time will dim with Sorrow's hue:
And o'er the cheek that beams so bright
The clouds of Grief will spread their blight.
The voice whose every word is song,
Will fade, and charm no more ere long:
And from these lips, sad gentle Death
Will woo away the fragrant breath.

And when dull Time his lines of care
Has left on one who once was fair,
The tend'rest thoughts of light and love
Will wing to thee from Heaven above.
And though thy beauty's charms depart,
Thou wilt be ever fair at heart;
So odours, when the rose is dead,
Still live within the bloom it shed.

ROBERT LEE CAMPBELL.

Oh, there are some who want to get away from all their past; who, if they could, would fain begin all over again.

But you must learn, you must let God teach you, that the only way to get rid of your past is to get a future out of it. God will waste nothing.

Display at Funerals.

In this age of reforms it is encouraging to know that the conventional funeral is being frowned upon by the more intelligent portion of the community. Formerly a private funeral was something almost wholly unknown. Not only were the relatives and friends expected to convene for the purpose of taking their final farewell of the dead, but the invitation was broadened until it included whoever might wish to come. With the doors thus thrown conveniently open, it is not strange that the gatherings were sometimes motley in their character. Idle curiosity as well as friendly interest helped to fill the house. Strangers came to look upon the dead with whom they had never exchanged a word while living. Filling every available space in close and often limited apartments, examining to the best of their ability the house and its appointments, and peering unmercifully into the faces of the mourners, they not only, by their presence, detracted from the sanctity of the occasion, but became to the sensitive a decided offence.

Except in remote country places, the conviction is growing that funerals must be strictly private. The general invitation is no longer extended. Thoughtful people are beginning to realise that it is a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance.

A brief service at funerals is another reform to which public attention is directed. What used to be designated the funeral sermon is no longer expected nor desired. A formal address, even, is out of place, unless the deceased has held some prominent position in the community, or has attracted unusual attention through his words or works. For all ordinary occasions, the simpler service is more fitting. The friends who have come together to mourn their dead are in no condition of thought to listen to the finished oration. A few words of fervent prayer, preceded by an appropriate scriptural or poetic reading, will better accord with the occasion than the most elaborate programme. The occasion is always a trying one to those to whom the bereavement comes. They are usually bearing up under some nervous strain that must soon give way. What they want is to be left to themselves.

Another cheering sign is the increasing unpopularity of mourning emblems. With more advanced views of death comes a protest against the custom of displaying crape on the door-knob and on the person of the relatives of the deceased. We are beginning to understand that death is as much a part of God's plan as life. Instead of something to be dreaded and protested against, it is something to be graciously accepted and acquiesced in. Formerly a funeral without crape was a public scandal. To-day a prescribed season for wearing mourning and half-mourning is a custom that has happily fallen into disrepute. To many it has become as obnoxious as mutes and hired mourners. The tendency is to make the funeral less conventional and less ostentatious. A profuse display of flowers is in decidedly poor taste. The money spent in elaborate floral designs for the dead had better be employed in bringing comfort to the living. People of cultivated tastes will revolt against a horticultural display at the obsequies of a friend. We should put flowers enough to make the room cheerful rather than seek to attract attention by elaborate decorations.

The burial, even more than the service, should be strictly private. People in moderate circumstances are not called upon to impoverish themselves by providing carriages in which distant relatives and neighbours may ride to the place of interment There is a custom fast growing in popular favour which detaches the burial from its usual place immediately following the service, and assigns it to a later and unadvertised hour. At the time agreed upon only the family participate. By this arrangement unnecessary expense is saved, and a much-desired privacy secured. Nowhere is a curious throng more out of place than at the interment of the dead. It is a solemn moment. All that is earthly of our friend is about to be lowered into the grave. To stand there with trembling lip and tearful eye is a privilege that belongs only to those near and dear to the one deceased. Upon such a scene none other should venture to intrude. The belief that we are nothing unless conventional should have no place in the thoughtful mind. The innovation is better, if more reasonable. Not prejudice, but sound judgment, should decide.

EDWARD FOSTER TEMPLE.

The Secret of Happiness.

By the REV. E. B. RUSSELL, M.A.

What should I seek, and what desire,
So that my days may joyous be?
Where shall I find the hidden fire
For faith that never may cease to be.
First in myself—my search must rest,
Ere it go forth upon its quest.

Bright my own soul, pure its intent,
So shall I walk to find my joy;
Self in the common welfare blent;
Swift to uphold, slow to destroy;
Knowing each heart hath secret good,
Often not known nor understood.

Welcome must each true impulse seem,
Felt by brother, or friend, or foe:
Never be held in light esteem
The blessing another's work may show.
So must the measure be just and fair,
For each one's goodness, toil, or prayer.

To work where the sunshine loves to fall,
Or kneel in the shadow, subdued and still,
Hear every voice that in love may call,
Patient in strife, resigned in ill,
So shall each day hold something blest,
And the soul attain its longed for rest.

O thou whose heart is a world of care,
Whose thoughts in a fever come and go,
Strive with the strength that is born of prayer,
Peace in thy spirit first, to know!
And seeking ever some human good,
Find a crown of gold for thy cross of wood!

Torquay.

Your fight against evil and for good will never accomplish much until you recognise that the fight in which you are engaged is God's fight even more than it is yours. Let that view of the thing possess you, and you are immediately and abundantly reinforced.

How hateful it is to hear a man who has passed out of a narrower into a larger faith upbraid and revile the faith in which he used to live. It is like insulting the corpse of some ancestor! Does the man who reviles his past faith think that his present faith will never know change? Does he think he has attained all truth? And when new truths dawn upon him, will he look back with scorn on the faith of to-day?—That is not true progress. The steps on which we rise to higher things are not to be reviled when our feet rest on them no longer.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Reaping-Time.

Meadows now are golden
With the standing corn,
And the reapers gather
In the dewy morn;
Swing the shining sickle,
Sharp, and keen, and fleet,
'Tis the time of reaping,
And of ripened wheat:
'Tis the time of harvest
Bountiful and fair—
All the land is witness
To the Master's care.

Bind the sheaves of beauty,
Sing in holy mirth,
Fill anew our garners,
And be glad, O earth!
Rain hath dropped from heaven,
And the light hath beamed,
Till the smiling wheat-fields
All with glory gleamed;
'Tis the time of harvest
Swell the song again,
All things now are ready—
Bind the ripened grain.

The Birdies' Duet.

"Will you sing me a song,
Just to cheer me?" said she,
To a gentleman caller
Who'd dropped in to tea.

"I'm too nervous by far
To sing all alone"—
And the sigh that he heaved
Would have melted a stone.

"But our voices, I'm sure,
Would go finely together!"
So the pair sang duets
Through the bright summer weather.

The Land of Lollipops.

When blinds are drawn and shadows creep
And shutters hide away the shops,
I often dream when I'm asleep
I'm in the Land of Lollipops.

The streets are paved with currant cake
(As I have read in story-books);
The people ask me what I'll take—
The people all are pastry-cooks.

They carry candy round in carts,
The store-room cupboards have no keys,
The garden-beds are open tarts,
And barley-sugar grows on trees.

One eats and eats, and never stops,
For there is nothing to be paid.
The rain comes down in acid drops,
The ditches brim with marmalade.

But long before I've had enough
The ditches dry, the houses fall;
Nurse wakes me up (her voice is gruff);
I see no lollipops at all.

The Reason Why.

Masculine Singular Genitive James
Was given these very curious names
Because his father was a grammarian;
While Hieroglyphic Codex Stowe
Was called by his clever parents so
Because their tastes were antiquarian.

The Little Maiden's Answer.

"Little maiden, little maiden,"
Sighed the wild flowers in the grass,
"Yesterday you played amongst us,
Now, with hurried step, you pass.
Here, beside the rippling stream,
Come and rest awhile and dream!"

"Little maiden, little maiden!"
Called the birds with voices clear,
"Yesterday you praised our singing,
Now, it seems, you do not hear.
Stop and join our merry lay
Ere you hasten on your way."

"Pretty flow'rets, darling birdies,"
Said the maiden soft and low,
"Surely you must know I love you,
But I cannot linger now.
Though you want me much, 'tis true,
Someone wants me more than you!

"In that cottage past the lane there
Stands a little lonely bed;
On a coarse and crumpled pillow
Lies a little aching head;
Two eyes look toward the lane,
And they must not look in vain!"

ELLIS WALTON.